

# The Mirror

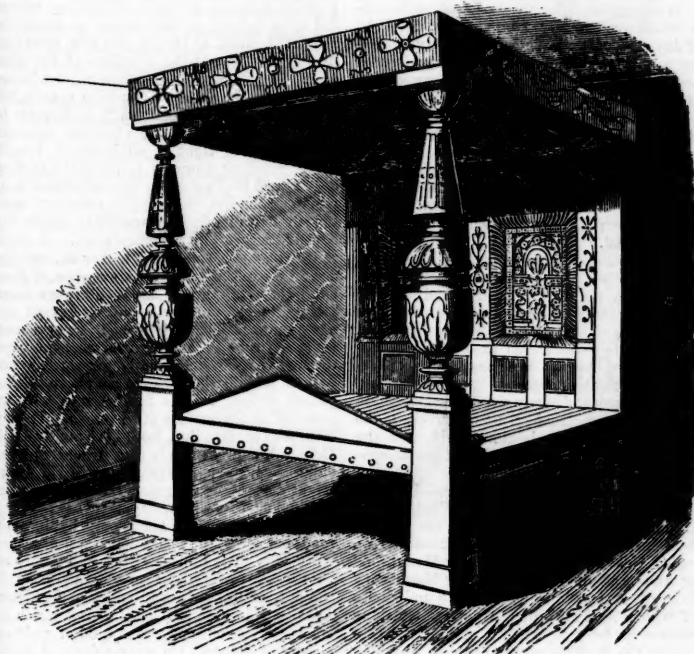
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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MARY QUEEN OF SCOT'S  
ANTIQUE-CARVED BEDSTEAD.

## JOURNAL OF A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION THROUGH DERBYSHIRE.

IN AUGUST, MDCCCXL.

PERHAPS there is no part of England, which presents the lover of nature with more to admire, than Derbyshire.

I left London on Saturday, 22d of August, on board the Victoria steam-ship for Hull; and proceeded from thence up the Humber, and, by coach, to Sheffield. Evening advancing, presented new and unaccustomed scenes; immense fires from the various smelting foundries, &c., shot up in every direction; giving the appearance of immense conflagrations to different parts of the surrounding country. Having crossed the moors which divide the

counties of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, the spire-crowned church of Hope presents itself; a short distance beyond which, perched on the summit of the Peak—a range of immense high hills bounding the view—stand the ruins of Peveril Castle. Here, the principal object of attraction is the far-famed cavern called Peak Hole.

### *The Peak Hole, and Roger Rain's House.*

—Within the huge entrance, several persons of both sexes are employed in spinning twine; while listening to their light-hearted, but, to me, perfectly unintelligible songs, I was accosted by the guide, who exhibited the interior of the cavern. Lights being brought, we each took a candle, and proceeded towards the inner entrance, where a stream of water

rushed through a small aperture in the rock, only large enough to admit a boat, in which lay, for the space was not sufficient to admit of any other attitude, myself and the guide; who propelled us along by placing his hands against the roof, which was within a few inches of our faces. After proceeding some distance in this manner, the cavern gradually expands, and we at length resumed our feet.

It is impossible for the imagination to conceive the scene now exhibited to us; the light of day was totally excluded, and our glimmering candles, (more of which were now lighted and arranged at different spots) showed us a dreary vault, extending far beyond and above.

Proceeding onwards, we came to Roger Rain's house, so called from drops of water incessantly filtering through the roof of the cavern; from this, crossing a small stream, and passing under a range of natural arches, we arrived at a huge cavity, called Tom of Lincoln, from its fancied resemblance to the bell so called.

In the course of our penetrations, I inquired, amongst other things, whether there were many ladies visited the cavern; and whether awkward results did not sometimes arise from their timidity? He replied, there were a great many female visitors, and they generally displayed more courage than my own sex; furthermore he stated that, on the previous Friday, two gentlemen and a lady came from Buxton to view the cavern; that on their arrival at the boat, the gentlemen became timid, and the lady explored the cavern without her companions.

*Mam Tor, the Speedwell Mine.*—Journeying towards the Winnats or Windgates, a kind of opening or separation in the peak, I next saw an extraordinary work of nature, called Mam Tor, or "The Mother Mountain," by some called, "The Shivering Mountain," from the circumstance of the earth and stones of which it is formed, continually detaching themselves from its summit and sides, without in the least apparent manner, lessening its own dimensions; it is asserted, that from twelve to twenty cart-loads are thus detached daily, and yet, within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, there is not the least apparent diminution. Contiguous to this spot is situated the Speedwell Mine—a subterraneous passage cut for the purpose of draining other mines of their water, and, also, in the expectation of finding a vein of lead in their progress, but this speculation failed. The guide conducted me (after procuring lights) down an immense long flight of steps, at the foot of which runs a stream through the before mentioned passage or tunnel; we then embarked in a boat, the guide propelling us along with his hands by the side of the blasted rock. Previously to starting, a lighted candle was placed at the commencement of the passage, which, being perfectly straight, was beautifully reflected on the water at a great distance, presenting the appearance of a comet's tail. When

about three hundred yards from the commencement we stopped, and the guide informed me, that at that spot a concert was held by Miss Stephens, Miss Baily, and Mr. Clarke; and, while remaining here, my conductor, who was tolerably proficient musician, favoured me with that beautifully pathetic air, "Oh Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me;" the effect was thrilling and sublime. Proceeding onwards a short distance, a sound of rushing waters fell upon the ear, which became louder as we advanced, until, at length, the soft murmurs first heard, became the thunders of the cataract. We reached the spot from whence issued those deafening and awe-inspiring sounds, but my humble attempts are totally inadequate to describe the scene which, on landing, presents itself. On the right is an immense terrific dome, reaching upwards towards the surface of the earth its dimensions beyond human ken; while, on the left, the roaring cataract impetuously hurls its flood of waters to depths far beyond the possibility of calculation. A slight railing stands between the looker on, and the fearful abyss beneath. At my request, a Bengal light was ignited, and held so as more plainly to observe the appalling cavern beneath, into which, it is stated, sixteen tons' weight of rubbish, arising from the blasting of the rocks, was hurled daily for seven years, without making the slightest alteration. After gazing awhile on this fearful spectacle, we returned to the surface of the earth. It may be as well to state that, both here and at Peak Hole, a list of charges is conspicuously placed on a board, so as to prevent any fear of exorbitant demands—a circumstance not unusual in some parts of the county.

I now proceeded (not, however, by the main road) but across the Peak, which was ascended with some little difficulty, but was amply repaid by the delightful view obtained from its summit, of the town and valley of Castleton. Leaving this spot, the next object which attracted my attention, was a kind of rude enclosure of stones. On approaching, I found it to be a lead mine, where a great number of miners were employed. Further on, a similar, but smaller object of the kind, presented itself. This latter mine had been but recently commenced, and was not above forty yards in depth.

*Eldon Hole.*—I next journeyed to Eldon Hole, which, being situated in the middle of a field, is surrounded by a small wall, composed of stones placed on each other, to prevent accidents to the cattle. The above-named place is a fearful-looking, fathomless chasm, supposed to have been caused by some violent convulsion of the earth; its dimensions appear to be about forty yards in length, and twenty in breadth, descending perpendicularly; its great depth could never be discovered. After throwing in stones, which we could hear rebounding in their descent, we contrived to roll a huge one to its brink, and hurled it down; it struck the side of the rock with ter-

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rifle force, and was broken into several pieces; each piece continued to strike, while, as they sank deeper, a sound was emitted like a continued roar of distant thunder, which gradually died away.

*Antique Bedstead, and Queen Mary's Gold Ear-rings.*—When about two miles further on my journey, I called at an inn in Peak Forest, to take refreshment, and soon became convinced that chance had led me to the abode of a person of taste. The room was hung with pictures of a superior class; but my attention was rivetted to an exceedingly curious antique piece of furniture, in fine preservation. My host, observing my admiration, offered, after a little conversation, to show me his collection of antiquities and curiosities, and conducted me to a room entirely fitted up with antique furniture, the principal object being an elaborately-formed oak bedstead of an early date. The head-board was divided into two compartments, each richly carved in a florid style. The foot-posts were also rich specimens of antique carving. On inquiring whether it was ever slept on, my motive was guessed, and I was told it was quite at my service. We spent the evening very agreeably together, during which time a pair of plain gold ear-rings were shewn me, which had been presented by the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, to a female ancestor, who acted in the capacity of waiting woman, during her imprisonment at Chatsworth. He possessed proofs of their originality, and of their having been handed down to different generations of his family, with strict injunctions respecting them.

*Church at Peak Forest.*—In the morning, during breakfast, I was informed that the church at Peak Forest formerly possessed the right of marrying at any hour of the day or night, from which circumstance it was frequently designated, "Little Grotto." A traditional story was told me, of a young couple who had eloped from some part of Yorkshire, for the purpose of being married during the night, at the church of Peak Forest. Taking with them a considerable sum of money, which was concealed in the saddle-bags of the horses, they rode. It was near midnight, when, in passing the Winnats, they were stopped by footpads. One of the assailants was in the act of striking the unfortunate bridegroom with a pickaxe, when his fair companion arrested the ruffian's arm, and, prompted by a woman's love, implored him to take her life, but to spare his. The first part of her wish was complied with, for the instrument was immediately buried in her bosom; his massacre directly followed. The terrified horses escaped, and, being stopped in their furious career, suspicion was created of the dark deed just enacted. Search was made, and she was discovered clinging to the corpse of him she loved. The tide of life was ebbing fast; and, before further assistance could be procured, her sufferings had terminated; the perpetrators of this tragedy were never dis-

covered; although strange stories were rumoured respecting an individual in the neighbourhood who became suddenly and unaccountably rich.



ANCIENT CROSS, NEAR WHESTON HALL.

*Poole's Hole.*—I next visited Wheston Hall, contiguous to which is a kind of courtyard. Near the road stands a curious antique cross, in excellent preservation, which is now used for the purpose of exhibiting hand-bills or parish notices upon.

Passing the wild and romantic Chee Tor, the delightful scenery of Ashwood Dale, and the neat little town of Buxton, famed for its waters, about half a mile's distance, I came to the remarkable subterraneous cavern, called Poole's Hole, the entrance to which is low and narrow, but, on proceeding, opens to the view loftily and spaciouly; the water continually dropping from the roof, congeals into large masses on the floor. On penetrating further into the interior, the cavern becomes contracted, but again expands to an immense height, until we reached Mary, Queen of Scots' Pillar—a clear bright massive column, supposed to be the extent reached by that unfortunate princess, during her visit to this extraordinary spot.

*Ash-hillocks.*—Near Poole's Hole, are the remains of several singular habitations called

Ash-hillocks, none of which are now inhabited. The one I visited was a hole scooped out from the side of the rocky hill, which led to a kind of subterraneous dwelling, divided into three rooms, admitting a scanty supply of light from the roof; it was the last which had been occupied, and the former inmates had left behind them the remains of a cupboard fastened to the wall, and other remnants of their homely furniture, which were now fast falling into decay, from the water having oozed in at several parts.

**Vale of Taddington.**—Forced by rains to repossess Ashwood Dale, I came into the quiet and secluded village of Taddington, whose vale offers its "green clad hills on either side" to the admiring gaze of the passer-by. Here, the golden-headed staff of life seemed to invite the sickle, as its promising form was yieldingly waved by the passing breeze; while, in other directions, the harvest had commenced, and busy hands (with, let us hope, grateful hearts) were gathering in the munificent bounties of a kind Providence.

**Black Marble Quarry.**—A short distance from the village of Ashford are a marble quarry and works, at which I witnessed the process of blasting. At the works, the black marble—the only kind procured at this quarry—was being cut into the shapes required, and, afterwards, highly polished.

**Chatsworth, and the Village of Edensor.** I next proceeded to Chatsworth, the seat of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire. This magnificent fabric stands within a delightful and extensive park, through which runs the river Derwent, near the foot of a high mountain. During the absence of its proprietor, it is, under certain regulations, open to the public. It would be impossible to enumerate a tithe part of the interesting objects here exhibited, each of the rooms is adorned with the finest works of art, and fitted up in a most princely style; a view from the windows into the gardens and pleasure-grounds beyond, where cascades and fountains are interspersed in those sylvan scenes, seemed perfect fairy land.

Adjoining the park is the village of Edensor, which formerly consisted of a few small cottages, but, owing to the munificence of the duke, is now being converted into one of the most delightful villages in England; the buildings are all being constructed in the Swiss style.

A school, under the immediate patronage of his grace, was just completed, and about to commence; bestowing a more than usually liberal education upon the children of the surrounding country; it was exceedingly gratifying to hear the very high terms in which this nobleman was invariably spoken of; he appears to be beloved by all, and numerous anecdotes were related to me, which portrayed his goodness of heart and affable disposition.

**Curiosities of Haddon Hall.**—Proceeding

towards Matlock, near the high road, about two miles from Bakewell, is situated that exceedingly interesting abode of olden times, Haddon Hall, which is allowed to be the most perfect of the ancient baronial mansions in England.

On seeing the interior, my *cicerone* exhibited to me the cradle in which the first Duke of Rutland had his "lullaby," also the chest which formerly contained the family papers; the chapel, fitted up in a rude style, but its windows possess some rich specimens of painted glass, of a very early period. Ascending by the great hall, or dining-room, we come to the long gallery, which occupies the whole south side of the upper court; this, as well as being the largest room in the edifice, is also in the best preservation, the wainscoating is enriched and ornamented with the arms of Sir John Manners, the Duke of Rutland's ancestor, and those of the Vernon family; the richly painted glass, capacious window recesses, oaken floor, and elaborately ornamented wainscoating, gives to this apartment a most noble and imposing appearance.

**Richly-worked Bed of Mary, Queen of Scots.**—We next visited several rooms, hung with rich specimens of ancient tapestry, leading to the great bed-chamber, in which is a bed formerly occupied by Mary, Queen of Scots, and which is represented in our engraving. Its drapery and coverlid are of the richest description, and decorated by the fair hands of ladies living at that period; the walls of the room are hung with Gobelin Tapestry, in fine condition, ornamented with designs from *Æsop's* fables; over the fire-place is a rude bas-relief in plaster, of Orpheus charming the beasts; in the window recess is the looking-glass used by the fair unfortunate, in which, no doubt, her beautiful form was often reflected, that was afterwards doomed to such graceless mutilation. I next descended to the kitchen, larder, and beer-cellar. In the former apartment are still remaining vestiges of the hospitality which anciently distinguished the residence of an English Baron. There are two vast fire-places, an enormous chopping block, kneading troughs, &c.; on the wall is an iron fastening, sufficiently large to admit the wrist, to which, as a punishment, was secured any person attached to the household, who refused his usual allowance of ale, &c.

**The Town of Matlock.**—On quitting these interesting relics of former times, I journeyed to Matlock, which is much celebrated for its baths, and museums (most of which are designated "Royal,") and for the sale of numerous petrifications, &c.

About a mile from Matlock bath is the village of Cromford, possessing the cotton manufactory of the late Sir Richard Arkwright. From Matlock I returned by way of Chesterfield to Sheffield, and from Gainsborough down the river Trent to Hull, where I again embarked for home, after a fortnight's absence.

W. S. LINCOLN.

## LOVE'S REMONSTRANCE.

NAV, Mira, blame me not,—I stole a kiss!  
 A kiss, than incense sweeter, or the gale  
 That sighs luxuriant o'er the blossom'd vale,  
 Riffing nectarous dews—ecstatic bliss!  
 Not all the honey'd stores of balmy spring,  
 Nor autumn bearing the replenished horn;  
 Nor pleasures of the bright-eyed Fancy born,  
 Which flit across the brain on sylphid wing,—  
 And ever as the fond ideas hold,  
 Diffuse their raptures o'er the charmed mind,  
 Can yield such joy, and all the feelings bind  
 As sweet affection's kiss! Then be not cold,  
 But chaster than the mate-enamour'd dove,  
 Impart the sacred pledge, the bond of love.

J. WRIGHT, JUN.

## FABLES FROM LESSING.

THE OSTRICH.—“Now I am going to fly, now then!” said the huge ostrich, and all the birds crowded round in anxious expectation. “Now,” he said, and spread his vast wings, but, instead of rising, he only tumbled over, and lay flat on the ground.

When a poet invokes all the Muses, and gives you notice that he is going to fly up to heaven, he frequently ends by such a fall as the ostrich's.

THE PEACOCK AND HEN.—A peacock once said to a barn-yard hen—“See how proud and haughty your spouse struts about! and yet men never say, as proud as a fowl, but always, as proud as a peacock.” “Because,” said the hen, “men are willing to excuse pride which has a proper foundation. My spouse is proud of his courage and watchfulness, while you boast of your—colour and feathers!”

THE WILD APPLE-TREE.—A swarm of bees settled in the hollow trunk of a wild apple-tree, and filled it with honey, whereupon the tree grew proud, and despised all the other trees of the forest. And a rose said, “This is a paltry pride. Is thy fruit any less bitter for all thy borrowed sweetness? Transfer a little of it to thy own fruit, and we will acknowledge thy excellence.”

THE DOGS.—“How degenerate our race is among us here!” said a travelled hound. “In that distant region which men call India, there you find something like dogs. Dogs, my dear fellow—yon won't believe me I know, yet I saw it myself, who don't even fear a lion, but fly boldly at him.”

“But,” asked a steady house-dog, “do they overcome the lions?”

“Why, as to that—no—I can't exactly say they do—but then only think, to attack a lion!”

“Oh,” was the answer, “if they don't conquer him, these boasted Indian dogs of yours are—not much better than ourselves—but a good deal sillier.”

THE MISER AND THE OWL.—A miser went

to an old ruin to bury a treasure, and there saw an owl devouring a mouse. “Is this the proper employment for Minerva's philosophical favourite?” he asked.

“Why not,” was the answer. “Do you suppose, because I am fond of quiet meditation, that I can live on air! I know, however, it is what you never require of the learned.”

THE ASS AND THE LION.—Æsop's ass was once walking in the woods by the lion's side, when another ass that he was acquainted with, met him and cried, “Good day, brother.” “Impudent fellow!” was the only reply. “Come, come, don't take such airs,” said the other, “because you happen to be walking with a lion, are you any better than I! Are you anything but an ass?”

THE STORK.—Jupiter gave the frogs a new monarch, a hungry stork, in place of their indolent log. “If you are our ruler,” croaked the frogs, “why do you devour us?” “Because you asked me to reign over you,” was the answer. I never asked to have you reign over us,” muttered one of the frogs. “Didn't you! so much the worse for you,” rejoined the stork, and gobbled him up on the spot.

## A BURIAL-GROUND FOR LONDON.

It would be vanity to attempt a French Pèrre-la-Chaise in the suburbs of London; the myrtle blooms not there, and the cypress grows as a stranger. The genius of the people is even more opposed to it than the climate. Our's is a branch of the great European family very different from that of the French—to whom the Franks have left little but their name, and in whose veins the Celtic blood is mixed, but not tempered with Gothic and Burgundian. By whatever name they be called—Saxon, Jute, or Dane—Northmen, Norwegian, or Norman—our fathers are from northernmost Germany, and the yet remoter wilds of Scandinavia; and the genius of our countrymen, sombre and pensive, still savours of the primeval forests whence issued the founders of their lineage. Their fancy crowns not Death with roses, nor strives to subdue his sternness into a smile, as is attempted, and not without success, in the French Pèrre-la-Chaise. There, not a skull, nor a bone, nor the image of one, is to be seen. Death's hollow eyes are lighted up with lilies—they have screened his bald pate with myrtle—they have plumped out his fallen chaps and flushed them with roses—that he smiles and smiles, and knows himself not. The Teutonic imagination, on the contrary, invests him with a gloom deeper than his own, and solaces itself by adding to his terrors,—

“Black he stands as night,  
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
 And shakes a dreadful dart.”

It courts him in the long-drawn aisles of cathedrals, in vaults where the cheerful day



is a stranger all too wanton for admission. It conjures him up in all his blackness; and to divest him of his thick clouds and dark, were to rob him of all his dignity, and forfeit the pleasing horror which the contemplation of him inspires.

Reverence for antiquity, your Frenchmen have but little; the organ of veneration is but little, if at all, developed among them; and the anxious foresight that would penetrate the mystery even of Death and the grave, is precluded by a thoughtless and reckless disposition. "Hang sorrow—care killed a cat!" such, in homely phrase, is their motto; tight, whole, and sound, they are ever ready, ever on the *qui vive*. The tear, if it spring, is chased by the laugh that hurries after; and spleen and hate, and care and forethought, are alike forgotten in the ardour of pursuit, or drowned in the uproar of merriment.

But with what solemn awe does the Scandinavian ear listen; for example, on solemn occasions, to the midnight bell, when his iron tongue tells one "unto the drowsy ear of night." How intense is the stillness of an English audience, when the knell is rung that ushers *Pierre* to his grave! That single incident would, on the French boards, have procured for "Venice Preserved," as deep a damnation as ever play was damned withal. What is the midnight bell?—the poker striking on an iron pot. What is a ruined wall crowned with the verdure of time?—rubbish, to be removed as a nuisance, or *exploited*, if it will pay. What are ancestral observances?—something absurd, "avant la Revolution." What is Death?—a thing not to be thought of where he is not, and to be made to look pretty where he is. The French pride themselves on a genius turned to the "positive;" and the positive is an enemy to the awful, the shadowy, and the sublime, which enter largely into the composition of the highest flights of poetry. They are equally remote from melancholy—a fearful gift, but the secret of much that is moving, both in poetry and prose; having it not, they conceive of it as they can, and strange work do their romanticists make of it.

The English people, following the bent of their genius, will attempt no pretty funeral garden in the vicinity of London. What would it be but a miserable account of dripping shrubs, and moss-grown walks, edged with dark grass; rows of square slabs, bearing stonecut formulas by way of inscription, with large provision of death's heads and thigh bones; and here and there a heavy sarcophagus, garnished with a coat of arms, supported by blabbering cherubs, *dodus et bouffis*; the whole reflecting neither the sentimental elegance of the French, nor the simple elegance of the English character.

On the east of the British metropolis, or more near east by south, rises an eminence bearing on its shoulders a plain of wide extent, the ground for the most part unenclosed, and in every respect adapted to the purpose,

even to the name, BLACKHEATH. There may the traveller's eye discover, with a feeling not unlike dismay, more near, a forest of masts—beyond, a boundless Pandemonium of buildings, here, dimly descried in the gloom, there, lost and buried in the blackest gloom of Tartarus—the modern Babylon, unique of cities, everything great and everything mean, sublime in fog, and smoke, and vastness—LONDON!

How ill, mighty queen, would a pendant like Pere-la-Chaise—pretty and sentimental, become thy swart and colossal neck! Instead thereof, let the plain above-mentioned, stretched out, "if need be," in yet wider circumference, be crowned with a fitting canopy of those lugubrious trees, that love our soil and climate—the Norway fir, the mountain pine, the yew-tree's "venerable shade," and every son of the forest, "*cui suus horror inest*,"—a grove tremendous and inviolable for ages—

"Obscurum cinizis connexis aera nimis  
Et gelidas alte summotis solibus umbras."

Here might the generations of the dead—the departed millions that once toiled from morning to night in the vast workshop below, find a stern, but deep and inviolate repose. Why bring roses, or plant myrtles, to mock with a smile the graves of those on whom nothing ever smiled in life. There, in that overgrown, clay-built capital—sublime in spite of its brick—whose boundaries lie beyond ken, even when Jupiter has cleared the heaven of the dim cloud that mostly overhangs it—are to be found, cheek by jowl, the widest extremes of human vanity and human wretchedness. There, the starving female, as she drags herself miserably by the rich man's door, sickens at the effluvia of savoury and sweet, that steam from his kitchen. There, they carve them cornices, and gild them, and set off their effulgence by crimson of velvet, exquisitely wrought and devised, and pour on them a blaze of light from lustres that flash intolerable day; while all without is dark and dripping discomfort, the portion of thousands that wander houseless, or worse, that find in their houses no protection against the inclemency of the weather.

"Take physic, pomp!  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
And show the heavens more just."

Mighty bard! poet of humanity! in that city where haply these lines were written, they will not scruple to take thy words in vain; and, thrown their listless length on soft couches, will, from creamy and hot-pressed pages, lisp forth thy lines in the accents of a pseudo-pity, while the wretch dies not the less at their gates. There, in the capital of the British empire, on which the sun never sets—the core is rotting with squalor and disease.

So should the great London burial-ground be awful from vastness, and shrouded in the gloom proper to the King of Terrors; but never should it be a Pere-la-Chaise, to throw a *coulour de rose* over the bare ribs of mor-

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talities; but let it wear the character of death in all its sternness, as in the living cemetery hard by, is life in all its hardships. Enough—the wretch asks but this—grief will there be hushed, and carking cares disquiet no more. Disease will there be cured, and sad old age rid of his burden; fear will no longer palpitate, nor hunger persuade to evil deeds, nor poverty be disgraceful; labor will there find rest, and death, and his half-brother, sleep, reign paramount. For this, in the eye of the Britanni people in Parliament assembled, would be no place for privilege to usurp and exclude his brother dust. Dives might lie here, if he pleased, or rot elsewhere, but he must submit to lie by Lazarus. Lords and earls may pitch their mausoleums there, but the humble stone, the wooden cross, the hoop-bound grave, shall lie around and have equal honour. It would be the people's burial-ground—THE GRAVE OF LONDON—where bones that ached from seven until seventy, should rest in peace, protected by public law, and subject but to *one* resurrection. Distinctions of sect should be there unknown, as of rank—sharers in one common humanity—brethren at least in death, if divided by difference of creed in life. No priest should say, "This is *my* demesne—this is *my* freehold—you are a Papist, and hold seven sacraments, and therefore shall not have seven feet of your mother earth"—miserable bigot amongst a free and generous people! admired by foreign nations as an obscene bird of night, in the brightness of the noon-day grove. Catholic should this burial-ground be, for it should be universal. A public road running through it should make it more classical, as well as more useful. The "ways,"—Appian or Flaminian—that ran to the farthest corners of the empire, were accompanied, for leagues out of the imperial city, by the monuments of departed Roman generations. The stranger from the Continent would send his eye religiously through the dark retreats—*loca nocte silentia latē*—where glimmered the monumental marbles like sheeted ghosts; and emerging, as from a Cimmerian region, into the splendid day of the great city, confess, with respect, the countrymen of MILTON, and a people capable of the grand, and careful of the dead.

Thither, too, should the high-minded, eloquent, energetic, honest man—hero or sage—who had paid his debt to nature, breathing his last sigh for the people he loved, be borne by the people on their shoulders to his grave; they would build him his tomb high up among those whom his benevolence had relieved, and his generous heart defended; they would come, the poorest among them, to seek out his grave, and bid him, hail, and farewell! the poet should write his praise, and the people sing it with their evening hymn.

Nor, though our sky be murky, and our cemetery dark and drear as death, should beauty lack her rose—"sweets to the sweet,"

—nor the poet his bays, nor the hero his laurel. Only let what affection planted be affectionately tended. It would grieve one to see aught withering or neglected *here*. Not there at all, its absence would not be remarked; but an inscription defaced, or full of love and overgrown with nettles, a myrtle that dies, a crown rotting unplaced, a marble column broken and not repaired, a chair for communing with the defunct—wife or husband—and dropping to pieces from disuse,—these are sad outrages on human feeling, and mortifying commentaries on the brevity of man's affections—"O heavens! died two moons ago, and not forgotten yet!" "Perish the roses and the flowers of kings!" but let the love of friends be at least coeval with themselves, else were life "tedious as a twice-told tale."

### THE WEDDING FINGER.

THERE are few objects among the productions of art contemplated with such lively interest by ladies, after a certain age, as the wedding-ring.

This has been the theme for poets of every calibre; for geniuses of every wing, from the duckling to the solar eagle.

The mouldy antiquary can tell the origin of the custom with which it is connected, and perchance why a ring is round; and account for many circumstances concerning the ceremony of the circlet, on the most conducive evidence, amounting to absolute conjectural demonstration.

Amidst all that has been said and written in reference to the ring, I believe the more lovely part engaged in the mystic matter,—the taper residence of this ornament, has been neglected.

Now this is rather curious, as there are facts belonging to the ring-finger which render it in a peculiar manner an appropriate emblem of matrimonial union.

It is the only finger where two principal nerves belong to two distinct trunks.

The thumb is supplied with its principal nerves from the radial nerve, as is also the fore-finger, the middle finger, and the thumb side of the ring-finger; whilst the ulnar nerve furnishes the little finger and the other side of the ring-finger, at the point of extremity of which a real union takes place: it seems as if it were intended by nature to be the matrimonial finger.

That the side of the ring-finger next the little finger is supplied by the ulnar nerve, is frequently proved by a common accident, that of striking the elbow against the edge of a chair, a door, or any narrow hard substance; the ulnar nerve is then frequently struck, and a thrilling sensation is felt in the little finger, and on the same side of the ring-finger, but not on the other side of it.

## HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS.

(For the Mirror.)

"ITALIA'S skies—how beautiful and bright!  
 Italia's fields—how lovely to the sight!  
 The graceful vineyard with its purple fruit,  
 The rock-built fane that tempts the pilgrim's foot,  
 The glaucous river, and the pillar'd dome,  
 These are thy beauties, these thy blessings, Rome!

Thrice happy spot! the pow'r that blest thy land  
 Hath giv'n protection from the spoiler's hand,  
 For who shall climb yon rock's forbidding brow,  
 Its rugged peaks, and its eternal snow?  
 The invader's sword, resistless though he be,  
 Must conquer Nature, ere he conquer thee!

What then the menace of Carthage's arms!  
 Laugh on, and revel in the wine-cup's charms,  
 Drink, sons of Rome, and sheath your needless blades,  
 Drink to the laughing eyes of Roman maids,  
 Drink to yon Alps, that guard our favour'd home,  
 They are the weapons, they the shield of Rome."

Thus sung Rome's youth, and mid their reckless  
 mirth,

Bade rash defiance to the pow'r of earth,  
 Each hostile name provokes a louder laugh,  
 To every friend a deeper bowl they quaff,  
 While loud and oft they mock'd the threatening foe,  
 And drown'd remembrance in the goblet's flow.

But hark! what shout the jovial band alarms?  
 Each street resounds the fearful cry "to arms!"  
 On yon high cliff that frowns o'er sunny Rome,  
 The Chief of Carthage, and his armies come:  
 A banner waves where foot ne'er trod before,  
 A helmet gleams above the eagle's soar,  
 And the wild solitude of Alpine snows  
 Yields to the heavy tramp of steel-clad foes.

Awhile they gazed, in speechless terror lost,  
 A breathless moment, on the distant host,  
 Till loud and shrill the stirring war-cry rose,  
 "To arms! to arms! Destruction on the foes!"  
 Then rang the temples with the tread of feet,  
 Rome's iron legions pace the crowded street,  
 Their clashing arms the fearful silence broke,  
 With every step the echoing Forum shook,  
 And richly gleam'd their banner's silken fold  
 With massive splendour deck'd, and stiff with gold;  
 Well might Italia boast of such a band!  
 'Gainst such a host what mortal foe might stand!

Deserted now the feast, and hush'd the song,  
 Loud rose the wailing of a tearful throng;  
 To each stern warrior clings his weeping wife,  
 Invoking heaven to shield him in the strife;  
 With throbbing heart she speaks her last farewell,  
 For who, this day, the battle's fate may tell?  
 Perchance a widow ere the sun be set—  
 To-morrow's light may ne'er behold them met!

A sleeping infant clasps the soldier's breast,  
 And twines his fingers in the lofty crest;  
 His mother's tears to him are all unknown,  
 He sees no sorrow in his father's frown;  
 Yet may he lose that father in the fight—  
 A helpless orphan ere the fall of night.

Here weeps a maiden on her lover's neck,  
 Whose tears not glory's golden dreams can check;  
 With bitter sobs she hears the impassion'd youth—  
 He may not live to keep his plighted troth.

Or here, perchance, a youthful warrior stands,  
 And begs a blessing from his father's hands,  
 The aged sire bestows it with a tear,  
 'Tis hard so soon to part with one so dear!  
 This day may perish in the battle's rage,  
 The only comfort of his waning age.

Meanwhile, the foe pursues his tollsome way,  
 Nor rocks, nor snows, his labour'd progress stay;  
 With warlike skill he levels every part,  
 And smoothes his passage with the aid of art:  
 Does some vast rock obstruct the danger's pass?  
 With fire the chieftain melts the rugged mass.  
 Or subtle streams dissolve the harden'd snow,  
 Which bade defiance to the axe's blow;  
 Does the tired soldier slant beneath his load?  
 His hardy Leader cheers him on the road,  
 With his own hands prepares the icy soil,  
 The first in danger, as the first in toil;  
 Till, every danger, every toil subdued,  
 On Alps' high top the chief of Carthage stood,  
 Around, his warriors shine in burnished steel,  
 His ponderous elephants beside him kneel;  
 Beneath lies Italy, the look'd-for land,  
 A wealthy prize to tempt the soldier's hand;  
 Now, tremble, Rome, yon stalwart soldiery  
 Has conquer'd Nature, and shall conquer thee!

The sun's bright beams upon the hill-top blaze,  
 And helm and blade reflect his angry rays,  
 With scorching fury on the host they fell,  
 As if to guard the land they loved so well;  
 The victor smiled—that sun but served to show  
 The fields of Italy more fair below,  
 Those fields were his—the pathless barrier cross'd  
 From that proud hour the might of Rome is lost;  
 And while his bosom heav'd with warrior-pride,  
 Well had the chieftain thus exulting cried,—

"Shade of my father, leave thy deathful sleep,  
 His plighted oath behold thy offspring keep,  
 Behold thy son—and gladden in thy tomb,  
 Thus prove his deathless enmity to Rome,  
 Before yon sun shall cease this eve to shine,  
 Or death, or fertile Italy is mine!"

[ E. M.



## THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

## THEIR FLOWERS, BIRDS, AND INSECTS.

THE larks now carol the same song, and in the same key, as when Adam first turned his enraptured ear to catch the moral. The owl first hooted in a flat; and it still loves the key, and screams through no other octaves. In the same key, has ever ticked the death-watch; while all the three noted chirps of the cricket have ever been in a, since Tubalcain first heard them in his smithy, or the Israelites in their ash-ovens. Never has the buzz of the great quail risen above the second a; nor that of the house-fly's wing sunk below the first r.

Sound had, at first, the same connection with colour as it has now; and the right angle of light's incidence might as much produce a sound on the first turrets of Cain's city, as it is now said to do on one of the Pyramids. The tulip, in its first bloom in Noah's garden, emitted heat four-and-a-half degrees above the atmosphere, as it does at the present day.

In the first migration of birds, they passed from north to south, and fled over the narrowest part of the seas, as they will next autumn. The stormy petrel much delighted to sport amongst the first billows which the Indian Ocean ever raised, as it does now. The cuckoo and nightingale first began their song together, analogous to the beginning of our April, in the days of Nimrod. Birds that lived on flies, laid blueish eggs in the days of Joseph, as they will two thousand years hence, if the sun should not fall from his throne, or the earth not break her harness from the planetary car. The first bird that was caged, oftener sung in *adagio*, than in its natural spirit. The rat and the robin followed the footsteps of Noah, as they do ours!

Corals have ever grown edgeways to the ocean stream. Eight millions two hundred and eighty thousand animalcules could as well live in a drop of water in the days of Seth, as now. Flying insects had on their coats of mail in the days of Japhet, over which they have ever waved plumes of more gaudy feathers than the peacock ever dropped. The bees that afforded Eve her first honey, made their combs hexagonal; and the first house-fly produced twenty millions eight thousand three hundred and twenty eggs in one year, as she does at present. The first jump of the first flea was two hundred times its own length, as it was the last summer.

There was iron enough in the blood of the first forty-two men to make a ploughshare, as there is to-day, from whatever country or men you collect. The lungs of Abel contained a coil of vital matter, one hundred and fifty-nine feet square, as mine; and the first inspiration of Adam consumed seventeen cubic inches of air, as do those of every adult reader.

ARTS OF THE  
OLD MAGICIANS.

ALTHOUGH some gleams of historical light guide us to the recesses of the temples of antiquity, yet, as a great branch of human science flourished only in the depths of the sanctuaries, under the guise of religious mysteries, great obscurity must, upon many points, prevail. All the miracles not springing from craft or imposture were the fruit of the occult science of magic, and were, in fact, truths won from natural philosophy.

Many arts, which have now, for a long period, become familiar, passed for divine or wonderful so long as their mechanism continued secret; and, in the trial of skill which occurred between the professors of the science, whose interests were opposed to each other, to veil from profane eyes the bounds of magic power, a *tacit or formal contract existed between the Thaumaturgists*. In the Grecian mythology, one god could not undo what another had done. In the contests of the Thaumaturgists, the same principle appears to have been admitted and acted upon.

As it was necessary to show in appearance a supernatural power and conceal the hand of man, a religious secrecy hid the principles of science, and a peculiar language, with figurative expressions, allegories, and emblems, veiled from the eyes of the people, the minutest clue to the unravelling of the mystery. Hieroglyphics, an unknown writing, the enigmatical language of conjurors, gradual and partial revelations, and which were communicated in their plenitude to a small number, and a fearful religious oath, contributed to wrap them in an impenetrable mystery.

The art of magic seems, in fact, to have been the result of a science laboriously acquired, and with difficulty preserved. To carry on magical operations, there must have been numerous experiments on the powers of nature, over which was spread a mysterious veil. Moses Maimonides informs us, that the first part of the magic of the Chaldeans was the knowledge of metals, plants, and minerals, and the second pointed out the times when the works of magic could be performed, that is to say, the precise moments, when the season of the year, the temperature of the air, and the state of the atmosphere, would assist the completion or perfection of the chemical or physical operations. Add to this, mechanical inventions, gestures, attitudes, words unintelligible and mystical, the quackery of legerdemain, the various kinds of devices more or less gross, oracles consulted continually and managed by stratagem, and we shall possess the system of delusion almost complete.

Let us now proceed to a more particular recount of the Thaumaturgic arts and powers:—

I. Mechanics, acoustics, optics, and hydrostatics, were all sciences which were known to

the Thaumaturgists, and carried to a height of perfection such as the moderns have only till very lately attained, and, even at the present day, have not surpassed. The moveable or sliding panels—the machines which seized the candidates for initiation, and caused them to disappear—are found in almost all temples; the statues which moved of themselves prove that the construction of automaton is not a recent invention; and the words that, by universal accounts, they distinctly uttered, sufficiently show that the ancients had discovered the secret of those *androides* which, in our days, have excited so much admiration.

The optical illusions were not less extraordinary. The Thaumaturgists possessed mirrors which represented multiplied images, objects turned upside down, and, what was still more surprising, which, in a particular position, lost the property of reflecting.

They regulated, with adroitness, the effects of light; the delicious gardens, the splendid palaces, which, from the midst of profound darkness, appearing suddenly, dazzling and brilliant as the sun, would almost entitle us to suppose the existence of a *Diorama* in ancient times.

On the other hand, the apparition of gods and the shades of dead men was probably owing to nothing more than phantasmagoria. Orpheus, inconsolable for the loss of Eurydice, betakes himself to Aornos, in a cave consecrated to magical evocations; he believes the shade of Eurydice follows him, he looks behind, and, finding himself deceived, kills himself in despair.

The magician had acquired the secret of deluding the sight, so as to render persons invisible, or, at least, to cause them to appear under the forms of beings of a different species. It will suffice to mention Proteus, Cratisthenes, and the account of Eustathius surrounding himself with flames which seemed to issue from his body. This fact, of which the ancient writers give so many examples, has been observed lately, in Mexico and Peru. The Naquais, national priests, suddenly took upon themselves a frightful aspect, and transformed their bodies, in the eyes of the spectators, into eagles, tigers, and monstrous serpents. These miracles were only performed after preparation, and in chosen places, so that all circumstances combine clearly to indicate the existence of machinery, though its springs and movements cannot be explained.

The ancients were also acquainted with alcoholic liquors, distillation, liquids changing colour, and a great number of chemical results: but they possessed, at the same time, a book of secrets, which we have taken a pretty long time to decipher. The method of preserving the body from fire, so often employed in religious ceremonies and judicial trials, was practised in Asia, Italy, and the Lower Empire, and, more lately, in Europe. The art of weaving the asbestos, which has been lately revived by the Chevalier Alini, was an ancient

invention; but the Thaumaturgists had means of rendering wood incombustible, which we have not been successful enough to recover.

II. Their perfect acquaintance with plants and their properties, furnished matchless weapons to the initiated. There can be no doubt that the charms of music and kind treatment must act upon the senses of animals, and how often has not the sense of smell served to subdue them? To give a single example; the power possessed by the Psylli over the bites of serpents (put beyond doubt by experiments made in our days in Egypt) was gained by means of perfumes, which affected the senses of reptiles, but did not act on those of the human kind.

The imagination predisposed, by constant belief in extravagant tales, and the senses excited by imaginary fears and presentiments, proved of powerful assistance to the Thaumaturgists. We daily witness the strange effects the imagination produces; the miraculous cures wrought by its aid alone; the assistance it renders to medicine, which, born in the temple, made part of the occult science, and was long practised by the priests alone. Credulity and quackery strengthened their influence. The extraordinary cases of abstinence mentioned so frequently by the ancients, prove the fact of nutritious substances being condensed into an almost imperceptible compass, which permitted persons to remain a long time without taking any perceptible nourishment. Matthioli attributes to the Scythians the use of a herb agreeable to the taste, which was so exceedingly nutritious that its effects lasted sometimes as long as twelve days.

The ancient priests could inspire terror by the perfect knowledge they possessed of subtle poisons. Without doubt, they rendered immense service to mankind by their learning; but when circumstances required striking examples, they did not scruple to use the dangerous means of destruction which they held in their power. The art of graduating poisons has always existed in India.

III. What strikes us as being most remarkable about the philosophers of antiquity, is their talent for observation. In the eyes of a credulous and ignorant people, how powerful must those persons have seemed, who foretold, with accurate precision, eclipses, earthquakes, rain, storm, the changes of the wind—who, in short, held the thunderbolt and the tempest; and yet a deep research into meteorological phenomena, and the signs which are generally the precursors of such events, afforded a sufficient foundation for those predictions, which seemed to the vulgar, to imply the power of controlling the elements.

Thus the Thaumaturgists employed magical operations to prevent the fall of hail, when they very well knew the clouds did not contain any. They knew, beyond doubt, the vast resources afforded to them in electricity. M. Salvette has shown, that Numa Pompilius had made the same experiments as our Frank-

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lin, and the same also, from the repetition of which, with too little precaution, Professor Reichman was killed with lightning in 1753; he proves that the existence of this art runs back to the time of Prometheus—that it elucidates the mythos of Salmoneus—that it was known to the Jews, then to Zoroaster, who used it to light the sacred fire, and assist in the initiation of his disciples.

The science of the Thaumaturgists included many other subjects. They had observed that particular modes of culture were noxious to each other; that certain chemical mixtures were injurious to harvests of every kind of seed, and tended to dry up the trees, and render the fruit abortive. From this they were enabled to forestall the sterility of trees or land, when the imprudent husbandmen had placed useful vegetables in the vicinity of noxious ones, or when they themselves had predicted the same in their rites of sorcery.

They also possessed the infernal art of rendering the air pestilential. The *Soanes*, not content, according to Strabo, with wounding their enemies with envenomed weapons, suffocated the warriors they could not reach, by shooting at them arrows containing a prepared powder, which diffused an odour so infectious, that it carried death to all who were so ill-fated as to breathe it.

The first philosopher who is known to have studied the science as it ought to be studied, namely, by experiments, was Democritus, who said the whole art of magic consisted entirely in the application and the imitation of the laws of nature.

Finally, the Thaumaturgists had, without doubt, numberless ways of imposing on the ignorant classes; and if we enter into the details of juggling, or the amusements of experimental philosophy, which, assuredly, were not unknown to persons interested in surrounding themselves with everything that could tend to increase their power, we must certainly conclude that such causes have given rise to many miracles; and that it would be absurd to deny all of them, because the facts themselves were veiled in allegories or figurative expressions.

#### THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

THE Baltimore Clipper tells a good story, of which the following is the substance:—A board of "School Commissioners," who encumber a consequential little village in Maryland, being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspaper for "a well-disposed, moral man, who could teach the dead languages, and did not drink whiskey, or chew tobacco." After a fortnight of this advertising had elaborated, a raw-boned Yankee made his appearance, with a knife and a pine-stick in one hand, and a *Cape Cod* protection, alias a cake of gingerbread, in the other, and held the following dialogue with the committee aforesaid:—

"Well, sir," said the chairman, eyeing the candidate from head to foot, "do you possess the necessary requisites for a public school-teacher?"

"I guess I do," said Slick, whittling his stick.

"Do you understand Latin," asked one of the committee-men, a Dutch farmer.

"I guess I do," replied Slick, again rounding the end of the stick with the knife.

"Well, let's hear some of your Latin," said the chairman.

"Quambo hic squashium et punkinitum lingu," said Slick, drawing his coat sleeve slowly under his nose.

"Humph!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "Ist dat Latin! Who's to author!"

"Josephus," replied Slick; "he says in his life of Governor Hancock, Sic transit gloria Monday morning—Hancockibus quad erat demonstrandum."

"Dat's goot," exclaimed the Dutchman, rubbing his hands, "tere never was better Latin!"

"Now, sir," said the chairman, "I suppose you understand geography?"

"I guess I do," said Slick, sharpening the end of his stick.

"How far have you been?"

"As far as the Deestriect of Columby."

"What state is it in?"

"A state of desperation."

"What latitude are we?"

"According to the thermometer we're ten degrees below zero."

"Which is the most western part of North America?"

"Cape Cod."

"Good. Now, sir, let us see how far you have studied mathematics. What's the area of a square acre of land?"

"That depends upon the quality," replied Slick, snapping the blade of his knife.

"Well, suppose it to be good corn land?"

"Why, then, it depends upon the number of hills."

"Say—five hundred."

"Guess, you mought as well tell a feller how many grains you plant to the hill?"

"Five."

"Then, according to Euclid, it would be seven hundred and forty-two feet horizontally perpendicular."

"Excellent. Pray where are you from?"

"Staunton, down in the bay state—and I can do most anything."

"No doubt; but there is one thing which you cannot do—you cannot humbug; us; you may go."

STORMS ON THE GRAMPIANS.—The wind careering onward at some 120 miles an hour, and thundering upon every jutting cliff and mountain peak, in sounds more terrific than if all the Titans which fabulist ever fancied, were smashing the earth with their hammers of adamant.

## HOW TO READ AUTHORS.

(From "Jest and Earnest.")

To commune with WORDSWORTH; cast yourself, at full length, on the soft sward, by the margin of a rippling stream, with green boughs hanging over your head, and the merry chirping of birds heard all around. In the distance, are the blue mountains, and there rises up against them the smoke from an encampment of gypsies.

SCOTT should be read in an apartment hung with relics of the feudal ages, and lighted by windows painted with heraldic ornaments. A richly carved, high-backed, old chair, is occupied by the student, and in a few minutes, he is in the days of chivalry and romance.

To sympathize with the spirit of BYRON, seat yourself on a rock by the sea-shore, when the sky looks wild and stormy. A few distant white sails are all that tell of the existence of man, and no sound breaks the feeling of utter loneliness, save the faint murmur of the tide on the beach below.

Choose POPE for your companion in a boudoir of an apartment fitted up with the most fastidious elegance. Pictures, busts, and vases, are disposed around, and the light falls gently from windows half-veiled by curtains of rose-coloured silk. There feast on the exquisitely refined wit and philosophy of Pope, whilst coffee is served at intervals in cups of the richest china.

Read MILTON in some sequestered nook of a cathedral, where the "dim, religious light," of the gorgeous painted window, and the distant swell of the choir, illustrate the page of the great Christian poet.

Seat yourself on a stile in the country, and read GOLDSMITH. The corn-field is full of reapers. Some are at work, and others are lying in the shade of a hedge, laughing and drinking. Over the trees, peeps the spire of the picturesque old village church, and the red-brick house of the squire looks down from the hill. All around breathes of English rural life, and of Goldsmith.

Study the philosophic FIELDING in the traveller's room of a country inn, which is a little world of itself. Guests are arriving—others are departing—bells are ringing—the landlady is calling; but let not this disturb you, for, probably, the very same thing is occurring on the page before you.

Enjoy the mirth-moving SMOLLETT at an open window which looks down into a crowded street. Fine gentlemen, adventurers, sailors, ladies of easy virtue, catchpoles, pass along and form a living portrait-gallery to illustrate the volume.

MOORE must give forth his fascinations in a bower of vine-leaves, intermixed with roses. Let a cup of wine be at your side, and read and quaff until you feel that this world is full of sunshine and happiness, and that he who grieves, is but a fool.

The ruins of some old abbey shall be your

study for SHELLEY. There read; and, in the pauses of your reading, look around on the memorials of a past state of man, and meditate on his future destiny.

And where shall be our study for the master-mind, SHAKSPEARE! The lonely sea-shore—the green shades of the forest—the busy resorts of the town—all those spots which we have singly claimed for others, may be successively claimed for Shakspeare; for all have inspired his universal genius. Each play shall have a different study; and this devotion, I solemnly declare, I will require only of the student of Shakspeare.

Thus, by our vagabond and eccentric mode of reading, is every shabbily-printed book converted into a pictorial edition.

## THE FRENCH PRESS.

SINCE the days of Napoleon, the activity of the French press has greatly augmented. The number of printed sheets, *exclusive* of newspapers, amounted, in 1816, to 66,852,883, and in ten years there was an increase of 16,158,600. At present, that number is about doubled.

The French booksellers are *brevetés*, that is, regularly licensed, and bound to observe certain rules.

French dealers regulate their discount by the *subject*, and not by the size of the volume, as we do in England. For instance, on history and general literature, they allow 25 per cent; on mathematics and other scientific works, from 10 to 15 per cent; but on works of fiction as much as 50 or 60 per cent.

The piracy practised by booksellers in France and Belgium is well known. Baudry's and Galignani's catalogues show the immense number of English works which are re-printed in Paris for almost nothing, the bookseller paying merely for paper and printing.

On the other hand, Belgium gluts herself upon the brain of the French author, and the result of many a weary hour and aching brow is immediately caught up by the Brussels' bookseller, who thus robs the poor author of his just profits.

Switzerland is more particularly famous for the immense number of publications reprinted there. A single bookseller, in the first six months of 1837, reprinted 318,615 French volumes.

It would be a useless and weary task for our readers were we to enter with any minuteness into the subject of the importation of foreign works into the United Kingdom. The average duty paid to government for the importation of foreign works is 5*l.* per cwt.; and, on looking at the returns for the last ten years, we find that there has been no material increase or decrease during that period.

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nine years in England amounts to 77,005*l.*, giving an average per year, of 8,556*l.*; in Scotland, 733*l.* and an average of 81*l.*; and in Ireland, of 2,041*l.*, and an average per year of 249*l.*; and the net produce of the last ten years for the United Kingdom, amounts to 91,590*l.*, making an average of 9,159*l.* per year.

#### PHARISEES OF THE TALMUD.\*

[THE Rabbins had some shrewdness and satire at command. Their Talmud says that there were seven sorts of Pharisees, and the following is the category it draws up:—]

1. *A Shechemite Pharisee.*—He turned Pharisee for gain, as the Shechemites suffered themselves to be circumcised.

2. *A Pharisee with his feet out off.*—So called as if he had no feet, because he would scarcely lift them from the ground when he walked, to cause the greater opinion of his meditation.

3. *A self-mutilating Pharisee.*—He would shut his eyes when he walked abroad, to avoid the sight of women, so that he often dashed his head against the walls, that even the blood gushed out.

4. *A "What ought I to do? and I will do it" Pharisee.*—Of this sort was the man who asked, "Good master, what shall I do?" &c., and who at last replied, "All these have I done from my youth upward."

5. *A "Mortar of a Pharisee."*—So called because he wore a hat in manner of a deep mortar, such as they used to bray spice in, so that he could not look upward, or on either side, but only downward on the ground, and directly forward.

6. *A Pharisee from Love.*—Such a one as obeyed the law for the love of virtue.

7. *A Pharisee from Fear.*—Such a one as obeyed the law for fear of punishment. He who conformed for fear, had respect chiefly to the negative commandments; but he who conformed for love, especially respected the affirmative.

#### THE DOORGAH POOJAH.

In the month of October occurs the most popular and celebrated of all the Hindoo festivals observed by the natives of Eastern India, viz., the Doorgah Poojah.

The pomp and solemnity with which it is invariably celebrated by all classes of the people, the general hilarity and universal joy to which its periodical return gives rise, and the transcendent merit of performing this religious rite, all conspire to place this festival high in popular estimation.

It commences on the third of the month, and lasts three days, during which all Hindoos, be their rank what it may, are engaged in paying their homages to this supreme divinity.

\* Talmud. Tract. Suta. cap. 3.

As the anniversary-day of this high festival approaches, symptoms of grand preparations thicken all around. The rich and the poor, the old and the young, the Brahmin and the Sudra, are all moved by a national impulse of propitiating a deity, who is supposed to be endowed with all the distinctive attributes of the whole host of the gods that compose the Hindoo pantheon.

To give a detailed account of the almost innumerable ordinances which are the necessary accompaniments of this Poojah, would be waste of time. Every European resident in India, must have heard of the endless multiplicity of rites which are more or less the characteristic feature of every heathen practice. It is by the magic influence of these divers rites that the priests contrive to impose on the populace, and retain their towering pre-eminence over all other human beings. Supposed as they are to possess the key of paradise and purgatory, their muners serve as a talisman for engrossing the adoration and homage of the devout Hindoos, whose blind zeal in the cause of superstition could alone be equalled by their profound ignorance.

The number of idols which are fabricated about this time of the year, and the ease with which they are disposed of, are so great, that the craft of image-making has, from time immemorial, been considered as one of the most lucrative professions.

Every Hindoo who possesses a competency is bound, as it were, by the strong tie of national superstition, to consecrate his domicile with the presence of Doorgah, and lavish a portion of his income on the celebration of the Poojah. In Calcutta and its vicinity, no less than some 10,000 or 12,000 idols are worshipped on the occasion, and the sum thus spent in their adoration exceeds 500,000*l.*

A very rich Baboo is once said to have spent a lac of rupees in one single Poojah, but such extravagant expenditure is often the forerunner of speedy ruin and bankruptcy.

An European living in his native land can never form an adequate idea of the universal prevalence of image-worship throughout India, but should he once repair to Bengal in the month of September, he will be perfectly convinced of the truth of the Scriptural passages in Isaiah and other prophets. In passing along the streets of the native part of the town, he will see nothing but the prescriptive ensigns of idolatry, emblazoned with all manner of Oriental pomp and splendour. The variety of exhibitions, the almost incessant din of the tom-tom, the loud acclamations at the time of the sacrifice, the preparations made for the guests, and the several kinds of tamasha which enliven the scene, bespeak the solemnization of a festival which combines in it all kinds of religious austerities, as well as sensual enjoyments.—*Calcutta Courier.*



MAGNITUDE AND WANTS OF  
ENGLAND.*(From the current Number of the Quarterly Review)*

OFTEentimes, in contemplating the history of this empire; the greatness of its power; the peculiarity of its condition; its vast extent, one arm resting on the East, the other on the West; its fleets riding proudly on every sea; its name and majesty on every shore; the individual energy of its people; their noble institutions, and, above all, their reformed faith—we are tempted to think that Heaven's high Providence has yet in store for us some high and arduous calling. The long-suffering of the Almighty invites us to repentance; evils that have engulfed whole nations, suspended over us for a while, and then averted, exhibit the mercy—and the probable termination of it:—

—“Death his dart  
Shook, but delayed to strike—”

Open, therefore, your treasury, erect churches, send forth the ministers of religion; reverse the conduct of the enemy of mankind, and sow wheat among the tares—all hopes are groundless, all legislation weak, without this alpha and omega; it will give content instead of bitterness, raise purity from corruption, and “life from the dead”—but there is no time to be lost.

Let us catch at this proffered opportunity, which may never return: betake ourselves with eagerness to do the first works; and, while we have yet strength, and dominion, and wealth, and power, “break off our sins by righteousness, and our iniquities by shewing mercy to the poor, if it may be a lengthening of our tranquility.”

## A BOOK.

A book! there is magic in the sound! Talk of the necromancer of old, with his charms, his wand, and his incantation! he is a driveller to that necromancer of our days—a great author.

His charm is, that we lift the cover of a book; his incantation is a preface, his wand a pen; but what can equal their power! The spell is upon us. The actual world around us is gone! We are roaming in far-distant lands! We see called up the shades of the illustrious dead! The palace—the cottage—the ocean—the battle-field! by turns claim us for their own! We love—we fear—we hate—we hope—and wake from our trance to find that we are sitting quietly with a book in our hand.

Honor be, then, to those gifted ones of their kind who can thus delight and instruct us. No praise or reward can be too much when they are amongst us, nor any homage too great when they are passed away.

\* Dan'el. iv., 27.

## THE BEAUTIFUL INDIAN.

BY C. E. VANDENHOFF.

I LATELY paid a visit, with a party of friends, to an Indian encampment. After we had wandered from one wigwam to another, I saw a beautiful girl (daughter, I was told, to the king of the tribe) sitting alone, gazing, with melancholy and tear-filled eyes, upon the setting sun, which that evening sank down, with more than usual glory, even for this land, on which nature has lavished her stores of loveliness—this favoured land, whose scenery of mountain and lake, forest and sea, unites the bold grandeur of Switzerland with the gorgeous skies of Italy. As the girl gazed sadly round upon the rich landscape, (the water bathed in the ruddy light of sunset, the sloping hills in the distance crowned with waving trees) she glanced at us, speaking a few words in her native tongue to one of her people who at that moment approached her, then, sighing heavily, fixed her eyes upon the sinking sun. Her voice was very low, soft, and plaintive, and the expression of her fine countenance seemed to say—“My nation is dying away, even like the sun, and will leave no trace on earth! The ‘pale face’ has dimmed its glory!”

## TO A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN GIRL.

Thou'rt very lovely, maiden!—though thy cheek  
Be olive-tinted, though thy brow doth wear

A deeper dye—caught from the summer air—  
Than we are wont in woman's face to seek.

Few are there amongst Beauty's fairest daughters  
Could match the splendour of thy thrilling eye,  
That, through its silky fringe doth tremblingly  
Beam, like the moonlight o'er the dancing waters!

Thy voice is very sweet! but yet its note  
Breathes more the spirit's sadness than its joy:  
As if some thought—corroding, did destroy  
The else glad music of thy bird-like throat!

That one heart-feeding thought I well define—  
It is the glory from thy nation past!

The “white man's” thrall o'er the dead warrior cast  
The royal power—the sway—that should be thine!

And all are gone!—the singing rill, the flower,  
The prairie fair—the eternal frowning rock,  
Forests, and seas, and gorgeous skies, that mock  
Italia's heaven!—well may'st thou mourn thy dower!

Thou'rt very lovely, maiden, yet weep on!—  
Thou beautiful in grief!—I would not still  
Thy mute and sacred sorrow, e'en to fill  
Thine eye with joy!—weep!—weep thy glories gone!

## FISCHER'S HAUTOBOY.

FISCHER was a humourist, and no respecter of persons. He very frequently attended the king (Geo. III.) and one morning, being at Windsor Castle, and just having made his retiring bow to his majesty, at the moment was familiarly accosted by the Earl of Harcourt. “Oh, how do you do, Fischer!” said his lordship, “have you received a card for Lady Harcourt's party to-night?”

“No, mine lord,” said he.

“I know it was intended to invite you.”

Fischer bowed.

"Ah—Fischer—but as we have met—a—perhaps you will put your *hautboy* in your pocket."

"Thank your lordship," returned the German instrumentalist, "*pote mine hautboy never eads no suppers.*"

This short dialogue passed in the hearing of the king, who immediately went and related it to the queen and her amiable daughters, to the delight of all the illustrious party, who mightily enjoyed this instance of the *brusquerie* of the musician—the more so, for they had not the highest opinion of the earl's liberality.

## PHENOMENA OF NATURE.

### DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.

THE sea was recently sounded by lead and line in latitude 57° south, and 85° 7' west longitude from Paris, by the officers of the French ship *Venus*, during a voyage of discovery; at a depth of 3,470 yards, or nearly two miles, no bottom was found; the weather was very serene; and it is said that hauling in the lead took 60 sailors upwards of two hours. In another place in the Pacific Ocean no bottom was found at the depth of 4,140 yards.—*American Paper*, Nov. 18.

### ANOMALOUS ANIMAL.

At a late meeting of the Ashmolean Society, Oxford, the Secretary read a communication made to Lord Francis Egerton, by one of the agents on the Duke of Sutherland's estate, respecting an animal said to have been repeatedly seen in Loch Assynt. In the autumn of 1837, it was observed by two young men, Kenneth M'Leod, and Donald M'Kay, who were fishing in the loch. It appeared close to the end of one of their fishing-rods, and is described by them as having large eyes, and it opened its mouth so wide, "that they could see down to its very heart." The colour was grey, the hair like bristles, the tusks large, the ears hanging down like those of a sheep-dog, the shape of the head altogether was like a bull-dog, but broader. It was seen again soon afterwards on a small island in the loch, and is described as about the size of a *stirk*, but broader in the back, about three feet high, with four legs, like those of a pig, but stouter. The description given by other persons of it, correspond generally with the above. It was seen five times in three years—the last time in 1839.

## Arts and Sciences.

### WILLIAMS' PATENT LOCK.

A NOVELTY has recently been added to the already numerous and ingenious inventions for affording security to property, and which will shortly be introduced to the public as Williams's patent lock. This invention pre-

sents the singularity of a lock without any key-hole, and it is said it can be made applicable to all the usual purposes, even including distillers' cocks, tavern taps, &c. The key, or means of opening it, it is stated, can be made in every variety of form—as a ring to wear on the finger, as a seal, a pencil-case, or as an addition to a whip or stick. The lock itself, can be supplied at a much lower price than any other patent lock, and possesses the important advantages, that it is impervious to dust or wet, and cannot be picked.

### THE MATHEMATICAL POWER-LOOM.

By the introduction of this invention, it is expected a powerful stimulus will be given to a staple manufacture in this country—viz., the linen trade, which has for many years been in a drooping state, chiefly owing to the low price of labour in Scotland. The mathematical loom is equally applicable to the manufacture of worsted, cotton, and all other fibrous substances. This machine is called a mathematical loom, because the quantity of weft or woof is determined by calculation or measurement, thus securing, at pleasure, cloth of any fabric or stoutness, and perfectly equal throughout. The pressure upon the warp-thread can be varied to suit the strength of the warp; so that the strongest or most delicate yarns can be woven, and a firm or soft fabric produced without any difficulty. This loom performs the whole work of weaving, and will produce a piece of cloth of the ordinary length, without the alteration of any of its parts. It has woven two bolts, or thirty yards, of the heaviest sail-cloth, in 12½ hours; and the inventor has stated that he would undertake to do that quantity in less time.—*Durham Chronicle*.

## Public Exhibitions.

### PANORAMA OF DAMASCUS.

THE above heart-stirring Painting is another convincing proof of Mr. Burford's judicious selection; for, it is impossible he could have chosen one in all respects so vitally interesting, particularly at the present moment, when the East is pregnant with such startling events; but when we consider it as a delineation of that holy land, where once the thirsting sinner drank the water of eternal life from the rock, "and that rock was Christ"! we become fully impressed with the importance of the subject. Into this splendid production, the artist has thrown all his magic imagery so lavishly, that the spectator feels that he is gazing on reality itself, and not an illusion: the gorgeous scenery, with the various minarets, tombs, mosques, processions, blend picturesquely with the imposing oriental costume of the various figures, and form a delightful *coup d'œil* of bewitching beauty and interest. There cannot be a doubt but that the tableau will become highly popular.

## The Gatherer.

**Unpoeticalness of the Romans.**—Naturally the Romans seem to have been a stiff, unbending race. Made and feeling themselves to be the *domini rerum*—the lords of the world, they held it a condescension almost unworthy of a Roman to submit themselves to the control of the Muses. They preferred to dictate, not to transcribe. They loved to command, and only copied by necessity.

**Slippers.**—The best slippers are a pair of old shoes; the worst, those of plaited cloth or list, which make the feet tender from an undue warmth, and when taken off in cold weather, create chilblains. To keep the feet warm, there is, in reality, but one good and wholesome expedient—*brisk exercise*.

**Woman of the Comedy-writers.**—Woman is *paved* rather than caressed by Etherage, Wycherley, and Vanbrugh; set up rather as a butt for compliments by Congreve, Dryden, &c., than a shrine for deep-murmured vows, prayers, and praises; while, throughout Fletcher's comedies she is treated too much as a fair animal, or little more.

**Definition of Law.**—As without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law!—That is law.—*Money, a Comedy*.

**Royal Wager.**—Elizabeth on one occasion betted that Raleigh could not weigh the smoke that escaped from his pipe; a bet which the knight very ingeniously won by comparing the weight of the tobacco with the weight of its ashes. The queen laughed while she paid her wager, and exclaimed, that she had often heard of men who turned their gold into smoke, but had never before seen any one who could turn his smoke into gold.

**Arab Saying.**—Science, on coming down from heaven, lodged itself in three different parts of men; in the brains of the Greeks; in the hands of the Chinese; and in the tongues of the Arabs.

**Broken English.**—A Frenchman, having a weakness in his chest, told the physician he had a bad pain in his *portmanteau*!

**Reginald Heber.**—There are men whose brows are aching for the mitre, whose lives are industrious and talents brilliant; but whose ends turn upon self, and with whom the desire to shine is the spring of action. Heber was not this. Heber could afford to wear a straw hat, while his lips were pregnant with wisdom.

**Indian People of the Neilgherries.**—One of the curiosities of this country is that everywhere correspondence, even records and registers of the Government, are written on the leaves of the cocoa-nut and betel-nut trees. Instead of a pen or reed, they have an iron spindle, which they hold like a spear in their hands at the time of writing, weighing perhaps, twenty tolas. The character looks beau-

tiful, very like Hindul. They write from the left to the right hand; and the leaves are said to last very long.

**Eloquence.**—Different styles of eloquence, each producing the desired effect:—

"Contribute liberally, my brethren; give such a sum as you would not be ashamed to place on the altar of heaven in presence of an assembled universe."—*Bishop Griswold*.

"Give generously, my friends; not fourpence-half-pennies, but run your hand into your pocket up to the elbow, and bring out a handful, as a sailor would if you needed his aid."—*Rev. Mr. Taylor*.

**Believers in Cabalistic Prognostications** will be interested with the following calculation:—If the year 1774 (death of Louis XV.) be taken, and its ciphers be successively added to the figure in the unit's place of that number, the year 1793 will be obtained (death of Louis XVI.). If 1794 (death of Robespierre) be taken, and the same operation repeated, it will give 1815 (final fall of Napoleon); the same method applied to that year gives 1830 (fall of Charles X.); and the same operation with the ciphers of 1830, gives 1842 (fall of the sun, and end of the world!!!).—*Galignani's Messenger*.

"I suppose London is very empty," said a young woman to the captain of an Indianman at St. Helena, "at the time that the India ships come out."

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Accepted*.—E. C. a to the *Fairy Violet*.—"The Franciscan Friar," by Laura C. R.—"A Night in Warden-le-Dale," by Ronge Cuvit.—"Morn and Even."

"The Harp of the Minstrel."—L. P. S.

*We beg to decline*.—"Memento," by A. D. C.—"Kissing," by W. W.—"The Sailor to his Mistress"—"The Minstrel's Curse," by J. E.—"Love and Friendship," by F. C. G.—"The Monk of Valle Crucis Abbey," by Reinsin.—"The Witchery of Fancy."—"Lines on Napoleon in Exile."—"Gilbert Beck."—"Peter Spriggins," by R. J. L.

*We kindly thank R. S. L. for his paper on Duelling; but its length precludes its insertion.*

*Mr. Ling had better apply to the bookseller of whom he purchased the Mirror, who will doubtless procure him an Index.*

*J. E. s. Netley Abbey is accepted, but waits over to be appended to an engraving.*

*Mr. Daff's communication lies for him at the office, if not being able to be inserted within the time specified.*

### VOL. XXXVI. OF THE MIRROR.

With a Steel-plate Portrait and Memoir of

Commodore Sir Charles Napier, R. N. B. and upwards of 400 closely-printed pages, price 5s. 6d. bds., will be published on the 2d of January, 1841.

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